

there isn't anything to be jealous of. But I hate her to do for you what I thot of first. She couldn't swear I put flowers on your desk - she surmises it was I. Oh, well, poor Minnie. She is easily contented with crumbs, isn't she dear.

How are you today darling? You seemed rested and happy. We didn't have a minute alone but it will appear so at times.

Dearest I am not dreaming today. As I look out of the window it forms no thots in my mind just a drifting on, staring at nothing in particular and I always do that when I am tired. The note I left yesterday was crumpled but I had to hid it in my small orngne purse as I met him. And please excuse hastiness in writing sometimes as I cannot be alone always. How glad I am school resumes sessions tomorrow and I can be alone to write. I could never belong to a club or go where there is incessant laughter and conversation. I need my dream times, my hours alone and other people irritate and disturb me.

There isn't much of interest in the paper today. One line in an article says "all life is a hunger" and how true that is. A hunger for what will satisfy but what a variety of tastes in people. And becuase you and I hunger for the same things is the reason for our longing to be together as much as possible. My love is deep, calm, quiet today. I am in a mood to listen to music.

Yesterday I was talking to Mrs. Burns. Couldn't pass and not listen as she was ready for conversation. She was saying someone next to Hopkin's was married yesterday and they were queer people. Told Mrs. Hopkins they live in a different world than some people. Mrs. Burns is too ignorant to understand that of course and my, I wish you heard waht disrespectful language Mrs. B. used. But I let her rave. I hate to talk to the Burns and never do if I can avoid it but at times I must be polite even if it is to listen to her ignorance. And honey mine - isn't it true. I live in a different world. Today I am not wide-awake. I am not sad - but quiet. Yesterday I was rollicking - oh, I love those moods, they mean intense life-fire.

Of course dear, the people who live next to Hopkins really menat that they have different aims, conversation, educations, intellect than some people but Burns can't understand that. What are the Burns? Ignorance that screeches, the very air is tainted with their warped minds.

Oh darling, if I had an income of my own, I would be very selfish I guess. I'd build a waiting love nest where I could dream unmolested and not care if I ever saw people to talk to. Books and music, pictures, oh, what treasures I would have. The birds, butterflies, wild squirrels and all I could see in the woods and fields and sky is my dream. People would meana nothing. I'd rather watch the bugs and ants as they crawl along - don't you love to watch an ant as it creeps along. Honey there isn't a house large enough for me. My dreams are as big as the earth. I need the great out-doors to breathe-live in. Nature, as God created it is what I feel a part of and I am part of it - it calls me just as I yearn for the truest things. And darling sweetheart - that is why I long for our love to be ghe truest - ideal - as pure as we can make it - for then it is truest to nature and things of God's creating.

But this love nest, you know, dearie is dreadfully lonesome with just me there. Did He say we needed jewels, did He say we needed anything, except a mate. After that He knew we would find other tings that He created for our comfort and pleasure. What a joy to read the Bible, how it tells of God creating all these wonders for us. Darling, I could rave for hours - but I must stop as there are peepers around. I only know this dear.